

LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

ENTERED AT THE CHICAGO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 1, E. M. 306 [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1060

THE PIONEER.

"Fanatic!" the insects hissed, till he taught them to understand that the highest crime may be written in the highest law of the land.

"Dusturber" and "Dreamer" the Philistines cried when he preached an ideal creed, Till they learned that the men who have changed the world with the world have disagreed; That the remnant is right, when the masses are led like sheep to the pen, For the instinct of equity slumbers till roused by instinctive men.

It is not enough to win rights from a king and write them down in a book:

New men, new lights; and the father's code the sons may never brook. What is liberty now were license then; their freedom our yoke would be; And each new decade must have new men to determine its liberty. Mankind is a marching army, with a broadening front the while; Shall it crowd its bulk on the farm-paths, or clear to the outward file?

Its pioneers are the dreamers who heed neither tongue nor pen Of the human spiders whose silk is wove from the lives of toiling men.

—From "Wendell Phillips," by John Boyle O'Reilly.

WHY FREE SPEECH IS NECESSARY.

Our present brutal and cruel civilization can only be made to give way to a higher, better and more refined one through the maintenance of the highest standard of health, both mental and physical, and by a universal knowledge among the people of the natural laws of sex. In this age prudery, begotten of a lingering superstition, an heirloom of savagery, unfortunately militates against this very desirable state of affairs.—*Pacific Medical Journal*, January, 1905.

A very large part of the widespread ignorance in matters of this kind (perversion and inversion) is to be found in the professions of law and medicine, and to a criminal extent (so far as the public is concerned) is largely due to laws that have been enacted in this country in regard to the publication and selling of works devoted to description and treatment of psychical and sexual abnormalities in our own species. Authors of works of this class meet with the greatest difficulty when they come to have them printed and sold. He or she is at once threatened with legal prosecution and fine and imprisonment. Not only is this the case in our country, but, through another most vicious system, works published abroad by authors in others countries, having to do with the psychology of sex and kindred subjects, are either denied introduction here altogether, or so heavily taxed in the custom house as to materially discourage their introduction. It is this miserable state of affairs that is responsible for the prevalence of so much ignorance in regard to sexology in general, both normal and abnormal.—*Pacific Medical Journal*, July, 1905.

Still another cause is to be found in the infernal system of laws that have been enacted and are now in force, having reference to the entire question of sex relations of every description, marital or otherwise. * * * We have permitted to grow up in this country, under federal protection, the most vicious system of censorship that has ever disgraced a civilization. Under its rulings, not only has it come about that it is practically impossible to introduce into the

United States the works of foreign writers of the highest authority on sexology, but any one attempting to publish, either in the public prints or in book form, anything touching upon such vital subjects, not only places himself or herself in danger of fines at the hands of the courts, but of all other forms of legal persecution, including a term of years in prison. So, with suppressing the information on one side, and ignoring the matter of crass ignorance on the other, of such matters, the result is precisely what the courts and the clergy are deplored.—*Whipping Post*, by Dr. R. M. Shufeldt, *Arena*, February, 1906.

In the early anti-slavery times a determined effort was made to exclude from the mails in the slave-holding states every denunciation of the sum of all iniquities—human slavery. The people protested against the espionage put upon the mails, against the interference of the freedom of the press. We condemn the attempt to interfere with the mails now, though it be with a very different intent, because it violates the same great essential principles of liberty.—*New York Sun*, December 23, 1878.

The power that is asked for is certain to be abused. We remember when southern postmasters refused to deliver the "Tribune" to subscribers, on the ground that it was "incendiary matter." Nobody needs to be told that, in any political campaign, every political party having control of the postoffices would use its power to hinder the other party, that the sacredness of private letters would be subject to the needs of partisans and the whims of ignorant or rabid postmasters. An inspected mail-bag is the sign of the vilest despotism. The thing became so vulgarly shameless in Italy, that travelers were unblushingly told that the office had not yet read their letters! * * * The evil must be reached in other ways. Liberty has evils of its own, but liberty is worth a hundredfold more than the best of despotism. The people who would like to suppress sin by main force believe that they would suppress only sin. Pius IX. believed that he suppressed only sin while ruling the most vicious and ignorant population in the Italian Peninsula. Despotism may mean well in its sources; it becomes wicked and corrupt long before it reaches the masses under it. You must meet sin chiefly by moral and religious restraint; a little can be done by a free country through its laws, and that little we shall always favor. But we are not willing to sacrifice, or even put in peril, a free correspondence and a free press for any purpose whatever.—*New York Methodist*.

At the public meeting of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Rev. Dr. Duryea, of Brooklyn, plead earnestly for the proper education of the young in the knowledge of their own bodies and of all their functions; and since his speech was extemporeaneous and not reported elsewhere, we were obliged for the following quotations to snatch from irretrievable loss these few good points by the aid of the phonographic art: "There is no reason for hesitation or shame in the presence of truth. All that has ever caused a blush has been the destruction of truth, in the form of error, and the corruption of that which is natural, in the form of vice. I believe that God in his purity conceived the human form; God in his spotlessness devised the sexual organs; God in his holiness infused life in the sexual power, and God in his glory linked man with woman. I am not ashamed of what God has put in me. I will never blush for any power with which he has invested me. I believe that the father should teach the son his whole nature, that he should describe the use of all the organs, and tell the compensa-

tions, social and mental, of the fulfillment of duty, and the ruin of abuse and perversion. I believe that the mother, in the atmosphere which a mother can throw around her daughter, could open the mind at a proper age to the nature of herself, her powers and future relations. If God made our children as they are, we ought not to be ashamed to tell them how they are made and for what. * * * You think to keep your children pure and innocent by keeping them ignorant, but this society has told you you cannot keep them ignorant if you try. The devil will inform them, if you do not. He will not give them the truth in pure light, but in light that has passed through a medium of his own device."

There is the very widest distinction to be made between writings intended to debauch the mind and incite vice and those intended to produce the opposite results by the dissemination of knowledge and of sound ideas regarding the sexual nature. Classing the two together is a monstrous misjudgment. The suppression of any sober, candid discussion of questions that concern the well-being of society is not only a mistake as a matter of policy, but it abridges the freedom of speech and of the press which is guaranteed by the constitution of the country.—*Beecher's "Christian Union,"* June 28, 1876.

There is a society in this city organized for the suppression of vice. The spirit and purpose of this society I take to be honestly and simply this: to suppress vice, to keep down the elements that are perpetually demoralizing and rooting out the best seeds of human nature. With the methods by which this society hopes to achieve these results I have no sympathy whatever. Indeed, I protest with all my heart against some of the methods which they conspicuously employ. * * * If the higher powers are to subdue the lower, it must be by open and honorable warfare. It is of their essence that they are dignified, elevated and pure, taking every advantage which nobleness gives, scorning all advantage which only baseness allows. * * * Again I protest with all my might against the inquisition into the mail service of the United States. If there must be one thing upon which a free people must plant themselves firmly, never to be moved, it is this principle that there must be no tampering with the mails, and that whatever is deposited in the mails must go to its destination. Let the harm be checked on the spot where it falls. If the injury is done, let it be repaired where it is done; not on the way, not after it has started. Meet it where it occurs. * * * Again, what honorable, high-minded soul does not blush with indignation when he sees the confusion that is made by people who insist upon it that liberty of thought, freedom of speculation, freedom of speech, involves license of conduct, and when war is openly made upon free-thinking on the ground that in that very movement and by that very process war is made against licentious doing. The two things are not only different, but absolutely and forever hostile one to the other, and when that society adopts such methods as it commonly does, methods of confusion, then it is difficult even to make allowance for the spirit with which the association works, and not doubt the heart of that society.—*Rev. O. B. Frothingham, delivered March 3, 1878.*

THE AMBITION OF PARENTHOOD.

Honor to parenthood is not yet extinct among us. The respect paid to those entering upon marriage has its origin in a feeling of social regard towards prospective parents. And we may observe many deliberately undertaking the cares of a family of two, three or even four in the face of what may seem almost prohibitive difficulties. The childless, whether single or married, have greater freedom to move about, and much the better chances of obtaining such prizes of competition as are going. Even house room is not always easy to get for a family, and owners of house property in towns frequently refuse to admit children as tenants.

But those who regret "the good old times" when ten, fourteen or even twenty to a family was no uncommon number have little reason for pride in the past. They rather resemble the mother of a large family who thought she had no need to learn anything of the care of children, for, as she triumphantly announced, "I've buried eleven."

Our Malthusian friends who pointed out the bad results of "the devastating flood of children" were quite right. Too rapid multipli-
cation still an evil, both to families and nations, where it occurs. A heavy infant mortality is an inevitable accompaniment of it; and

besides those who die in youth there are often many who have to be "buried" in celibacy.

The idea that children should be like "books and friends—few and good ones"—is certainly gaining ground. It is possible that a scarcity of children may be ahead, as a temporary condition, but if so, this will probably result in a reaction and stimulate the ambition of those best fitted to be parents. The threat of President Roosevelt to close the means of livelihood against independent women, a threat which neither he nor any number of politicians can carry out, will probably, like all unfulfilled threats, have the opposite effect from that intended, and make women shrink still more from enforced maternity.

No vigorous nation need fear "race suicide." The forces which we especially have to rely upon are: (1) The love of children which is so marked a feature of the American character; (2) the ambition of women to be mothers of the best possible children, and (3) the growing feeling of national responsibility towards children, which takes form in such things as maternity hospitals, free kindergartens and national education.

FIDEI DEFENSOR.

WHEN DIVORCE IS A BLESSING.

The next time the anti-divorce crusade starts I'm going to take the letter I hold in my hand and have it copied a thousand times, writes Winifred Black in the Chicago "Sunday American" of February 18. And I'm going to send one of those copies to every minister who tells his congregation what a wicked thing divorce is, and to every woman who refuses to call upon a divorced woman, and ask each one of these persons to be kind enough to answer that letter.

I'd like to see what they would find to say. It's too long and too intimate to be published in a newspaper; it's from a little town in New Jersey.

It is some thirty pages long. It is written with the heart's blood of a miserable woman, who feels it her duty to labor with me concerning my false ideas on the morality of divorce.

"When I met my husband I was the jolliest girl in my set. I was always laughing and having fun; but the very day I met the man I married he told me that I ought not to laugh so much. After that, whenever he came into the room where I was, I used to try to look serious, so as to please him; for, in spite of my laughing he seemed to think a great deal of me. He gave me beautiful presents, and took me out a great deal, but he never liked any of my family or any of my friends, and as soon as we were married he told me that he intended to make a different woman of me. It didn't take him long to do it. I've been married ten years now, and I don't think I've laughed for nine. I have not been to a place of amusement but once since my marriage, and that place was a saloon. My husband forced me to go there with him, and introduced me to a lot of women who were smarter than I was, he said, and who would teach me how to turn my good looks to some account.

"I didn't want to learn from these women, and he has never forgiven me for it. He drinks, neglects me, abuses me, and half-starves my children and myself. For the past seven years I have earned every penny I have had to spend for food or shelter for my children, my husband and myself. I have done washing, paper-hanging, whitewashing, scrubbing and gardening by the day. I was a pretty girl, and I am only thirty years old now; but I look like an old, old woman. If I had left my husband before I had had any children I would have been all right. I ought to have done it then, for he began to abuse me from the very day we were married. He has told me a thousand times that he thought he could make me earn money for him the very first day he ever saw me. But when my children came, what could I do?

"I could not leave my baby, so I stayed. Don't try to help me—no one can do that. All I want is for you to warn girls against marrying a man who shows the very first time he meets a woman that he intends to change her very nature just to suit his whims. I have four children now, and I must live it all out to the end. Divorce may do for childless women, but there is no such thing for a woman who loves her children."

There are four children now, this poor creature says, and if she had left the man when there was only one child—what then? She could not leave her baby, she says. What strange hallucination is it that can make a woman believe that she has to leave her baby just because she leaves her husband? This woman has had to earn her living anyway; her husband has been of absolutely no help to her, and now she has four children to support instead of one. What sort of reasoning is this?

One time I went to see a friend of mine who lives in a tenement house. She is an unmarried woman, who lives in the slums because she finds life interesting there. The evening I saw her we had a bad time trying to get a few moments alone together. A woman from across the hall, whose husband had broken two of her ribs for her the week before, and a woman from downstairs, whose son had black-



ened her eye the night before, persisted in spending the evening with my friend.

"Poor thing," said the woman from across the hall, "it must be awful to be alone in the world like she is!"

It never seemed to occur to either of these women that being alone in the world might possibly be a little more comfortable than having the benefit of the sort of company with which they were both afflicted.

What a lot of trouble and misery we should all save ourselves if we would only look at things and see them the way they are, instead of persisting in looking at them as they ought to be. This poor little woman in New Jersey had it beaten into her brain some time in her early youth that a married woman was a woman who had some one to take care of her, and she can't get rid of the idea that this excuse of a husband of hers is, in some way or other, helping her in the care of her children.

Can't leave her children, indeed! Why should she leave them? Who takes care of them while she is out scrubbing and whitewashing? What's going to become of them if he beats her too hard some high-spirited night, and she dies? Wouldn't you love to leave children to the tender mercies of a man like that?

There are two girls among these four children. What kind of women will they make with a father like that to influence them? Doubtless he is counting the years to the time when those girls will be marketable. Unpleasant word! Yes, it is. Some facts are unpleasant, aren't they? But they are, nevertheless, to be faced. Why didn't that poor, foolish woman face the fact that her husband was a merciless brute the very first time he brought that fact to her notice?

Why didn't she say to herself the first day she had to go out to work to earn money to buy food for her first baby:

"I shall have to support this family, I see; I believe I could support two better than I can support three or four, and I will bring up my little daughter in poverty, perhaps, but in peace and self-respect."

I wonder if she'd look like an old, old woman at thirty if she had done that! I wonder if she and her little daughter could not have grown up together, loving and cheery and happy, with no blight of a hideous terror casting a black shadow on their lives!

Has a woman any right to live with a man like this and bring into the world poor little creatures to be ill-treated by him?

"I believe you mean well," says the writer of the letter from New Jersey. "But you cannot be right, when you say that a woman ought to leave a man who ill-treats her, whether she has children or not; she cannot consider herself alone, she must consider her children."

Quite true. Her children, she must consider them. That's what I mean when I say that a woman has no right to live with a husband who ill-treats her, and I'm afraid this letter from New Jersey has simply confirmed me in my evil ways of thinking. How do you feel about that woman and her children, O most high and powerful shouter of the-duty-of-submission doctrine?

A STORY OF REAL LIFE, WITH SEVERAL "MORALS."

Those who believe that human emotions can be regulated by the "Be it enacted" of statute law are strenuously struggling to obtain uniform marriage and divorce laws, and to enact legislation regulating the qualifications to be required of candidates for matrimony. They apparently believe that the legally separated couples who are forbidden to remarry, and those declared physically, morally or financially "unfit," will meekly accept their condemnation to celibacy. They seemingly forget that in the countries where the restrictions on legalized wedlock are most stringent there is to be found the greatest proportion of "illicit" relationships. The following pathetic story appears in the Chicago "Tribune" of February 26:

"This is to tell a story of Chicago life—a true story of the struggles of two unfortunate people and their happiness. It is a case that recently came to the attention of E. P. Bicknell, superintendent of the Chicago Bureau of Charities. Mr. Bicknell vouches for the truth of the story.

"The hero and heroine live on the northwest side. They are known as John and Mary. Some months ago John came to the neighborhood. He was a blind beggar with no home to speak of. He lived anywhere and depended upon the generosity of the people for his support. Mary lived with her mother in a little cottage with scant furniture and scantier provender. Mary was injured when a little girl and she never recovered. She sat in her chair the long days through while her mother provided for the two as best she could.

"Mary never was able to move a limb, but she always smiled hopefully and tried to make the little home life cheery. One day last summer the mother became ill and after a few days died. Mary, helpless and without money, was left alone. The friends of the young woman, who always had helped her during her years of suffering, brought her food for several days. But they knew the crippled girl could not exist comfortably in this way, so they advised her to go to some home.

"But Mary, although a cripple, was proud, and she loved the little cabin in which she had lived so long. She said she could not leave it; it would break her heart. While she was struggling with her emotions in the hope that somebody might help her to solve the difficulty blind John heard about her predicament and called on her in a neighborly way. John, blind and ragged, spoke words of sympathy to the cripple.

"'Mary,' he said to the forlorn young woman, 'I'm blind, but I long to do somebody some good, and perhaps I can help you. It may be that each of us may in some way provide for the comforts of the other.'

"She brightened up. Her loneliness was gone. Eagerly she offered to do what she could to make the blind man happier and the two formed a mutual help alliance. Mary read to John and John carried Mary wherever she wanted to go. John went out and got what work he could find to do. He furnished the food for the little cottage and bestowed every kindness possible on helpless Mary.

"Weeks passed and the two became indispensable to each other. Friendship ripened into love and John proposed. There was pathos in the tender proposal of the blind man. He spoke fervently. Mary answered with the joyousness of a young maiden. She accepted.

"John forgot his blindness. Springtime banished the haggard winter of his life. He went to the county clerk's office to get a license, but he couldn't get it because he was blind and because the young woman was a cripple. The county clerk said it would be best to bring the girl along to make sure the granting of a license would not entail unhappiness for both. John bravely went back to the cottage.

"'Mary, you will have to go downtown with me. Don't worry, I'll carry you,' said John.

"He put her on a car and then carried her to the county clerk's office. Lifting her up before the wicket, he said:

"'Here she is, Mr. Clerk.'

"John was beaming and Mary smiling. The clerk couldn't refuse under such circumstances and he gave them the license. But their happiness was marred when ministers and justices alike to whom they appealed refused to unite them in marriage.

"After they had tried in vain to get married they went back to the little cottage broken in spirit. But their love would not down. John thought over the matter and then spoke up.

"'I'll manage it,' he said.

"He set a day for the wedding and invited the neighbors in to witness the ceremony. When their friends had assembled, John put his hand on Mary's shoulder and said:

"'Friends, this is our wedding day. We want you to be witnesses of this, our marriage.'

"There were tears in the eyes of those who saw the happiness of the two cripples. John and Mary now are living in Chicago."

While the sympathy of the reader must almost inevitably be elicited by the loneliness and suffering of this unfortunate pair, the question inevitably arises: "What will become of the children?" Of course Mother Nature and Love may take care of them—may mock the preachers of prudence by giving to these lovers children endowed with perfection of limbs and faculties. Yet the prospect of the children being properly nurtured seems very slight. And since the "Thou shalt not" of Church and State are ineffective, it would seem that in rational enlightenment is the only hope. Through it only may the "unfit" for parentage find mutually helpful companionship without incurring the guilt of a denial of the natural right of the child to be well born.

L. H.

TO THE READERS OF LUCIFER.

COMRADES: At my time of life one cannot expect a great deal more of this life, and there is a liability to go at any time. In view of this fact I am preparing a work that I propose to call "My Last Will and Testament; A Glimpse of Naturalism."

The price of the book will probably be a dollar. Will those who will take a copy—if I am able to get it published—please drop me a card and say so?

LOIS WAISBROCKER.

Gibbs, California.

LOCAL LECTURES AND MEETINGS.

Meetings of the Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet avenue, are held Mondays and Thursdays of each week. Lectures begin at 8 p. m. Discussions follow the lecture. All invited to participate.

The Chicago Society of Anthropology holds regular meetings Sunday afternoons in Corinthian Hall, seventeenth floor Masonic building. Meetings open at 2:30. All invited.

Chicago Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Hall 913, Masonic building.

LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY AT 500 FULTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
TELEPHONE: ASHLAND 1737.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....\$1.00 Three months.....25 cents
Six months.....50 cents Single copies.....5 cents

Hereafter Lucifer will not be sent to subscribers after expiration of subscription except by special request. Please compare number on your wrapper with whole number of paper, and if your subscription is about to expire notify us if you wish to continue to receive Lucifer.

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE:

E. C. WALKER, 244 WEST 143D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same*.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—*Same*.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—*Same*.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Cruelty and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—*First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States*.

CORRECTION: On page 463 of last LUCIFER, No. 1059, middle of third paragraph, first column, for "the wold," read *they would*.

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. All letters pass through the chaplain's hands. Do not expect personal answers, as, according to the rules of the prison, a prisoner may write only one letter a month. However, a list of letters will be kept and published from time to time, so that the writers may know they were received.

TO LUCIFER'S FRIENDS: GREETING AND FAREWELL

Cook County Jail, Chicago, Tuesday Morning,

February 27, E. M. 306.

Dear Friends All:

Again the expected has happened, and again I find myself behind prison walls.

Yesterday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, Deputy Marshal Wainwright called at 500 Fulton street and very civilly and gently informed me that his orders were to conduct me at once to the Cook county jail and thence at 10 o'clock (next day) to the state penitentiary at Joliet. After a hurried consultation with Daughter Lillian and other inmates of LUCIFER's home the marshal and I boarded the Lake street elevated train and in less than one hour I saw and heard the heavy iron door close behind me, shutting me away from friends and the sweet light of liberty.

Cook county jail, presided over by Warden John L. Whitman, has the reputation of being the best conducted and best managed jail in the United States. How true this may be I am not prepared to say, but from my short experience within its walls I am inclined to credit the claim.

Spent the evening writing letters to friends at a distance and

MOSES HARMAN,
At the age of 75 years and 3 months, January, 1906.



This is the latest portrait of the editor of LUCIFER, and is probably the most true to life of any in existence. It is only by chance that we have it. We wanted photographs of him and his infant grandson together, and after posing with the little one the photographers requested him to pose for them. Two negatives were taken and both were so good that we ordered photographs of each. The above half-tone engraving is the same that appears in the leaflet by T. B. Wakeman. I am sure the many friends of my father will be glad to see this portrait in LUCIFER.

L. H.

in jotting down memoranda touching the business of LUCIFER's office, for though it is now nearly two months since all hope of a favorable verdict from the Court of Appeals has vanished, I was not yet ready to turn over the publication business to other hands.

For more than a week I had spent most of the time sending out copies of the "Administrative Process of the Postal Department" and writing letters to editors and publishers in regard to this leaflet, so that the work of getting LUCIFER No. 1060 to press was only fairly begun when I was told to stop work and go with the United States marshal. Several editorials were begun, but none finished; among these the one entitled "Ernest Howard Crosby in Chicago" was the longest and perhaps most important.

The chief aim of that article was to show that, great as was the work of William Lloyd Garrison as a reformer, as a destroyer of crystallized wrong, there still remains work to be done in the line of radical reforms—the line of destruction of crystallized wrongs—more difficult and requiring even more courage than was ever required to fight the ages-old institution known as Chattel Slavery.

I had intended to trace some of the lines of resemblance between the enslavement of the African to the white man, and the enslavement of women in so-called Christian lands to her sexual master, masculine man, such as:

(1) The black man born of a slave mother was never supposed to reach an age at which he could be self-owning—the owner of his body and time. He took the name of his master, changing names every time he changed owners. So of woman. Until married her body is not her own to do as she pleases with. It belongs to her father, whose name she takes, or to society—that is, to the priest and

judge, who will not allow her to be self-owning. When she marries, the most orthodox of the Christian churches require that some one must "give the bride away." "Who giveth this woman in marriage?" asks the priest—as when Alice Roosevelt, 22 years old, was married a few weeks ago. No matter how old, she has not reached her majority, as man reaches his majority at 21. Then, as in the case of the slave changing masters, she takes the name of the man to whom she is given, and every time she changes masters she takes the name of the new master. If she becomes a mother her children take the master's name.

(2) The crystals that hardened and solidified chattel slavery were partly theologic—that is, partly religious; partly economic or industrial, and partly "societary," or *bon ton*. The clergy quoted "Scripture" in support of chattel slavery; the man who wished to live without work supported the institution that compelled involuntary labor, and the man or woman who wanted entrance into the charmed circle of the best society knew that the "Open Sesame" to that exclusive circle was the ownership of slaves or the ability to use the slaves of others, coupled with undoubted allegiance to the slave-holders' code.

And so likewise it is with the enslavement of woman. Marriage—legal marriage, canon law marriage—is partly theologic (religious), partly economic (industrial) and partly *bon ton* ("societary").

The control of sex, of reproduction, is claimed by the priest and clergyman as preëminently their own province. They can show texts without number to prove that God ordained woman's subjection to man, from the time of man's entrance upon the earth, and since the clergy are the ministers of God, the ambassadors of God to man, of course, to know the will of God as to marriage the priest or clergyman must be consulted. He it is who must tie the hymeneal knot, and in order that his work be duly honored and respected there must be no untying of the hymeneal knot. "Marriages are made in heaven;" "Whom God hath joined let not man put asunder."

Marriage is also an economic institution. Wives have an industrial value, a financial value. Orthodox marriage makes man the "head of the house," "house bond" (*husband*), ruler of the house, while the *wife* is a "weaver," a producing *servant*, an "upper servant without wages." The husband holds the common purse and spends the common earnings as he sees fit.

Marriage is a societary institution—preëminently so. He or she who would have entrance into "good society," to say nothing of the *best*, must be orthodox in *belief* as to the sacredness of the monogamic marriage institution, however little his own conduct may agree with that belief. As in the case of belief and practice of religious creeds, while sins of conduct are easily forgiven, sins of belief are rarely or never forgiven. That is to say, man, the lord and master, is not held to strict accountability for sins of conduct touching marriage; but not so with woman, the servant, the slave. Orthodox belief as to the marriage code will not save a woman from social ostracism, from a social hell, if her *conduct* is not in line with the code. Yea, more. Not only must her conduct be in strict accord with the code, but there must be no taint of calumny, no suspicion that her conduct is not strictly *regular*. Innocence is not enough. She must not only be "strictly virtuous, but clearly above suspicion," else social *damnation* is her life sentence.

I have written much more than I intended when this article was begun. Expecting soon to be called by Marshal Wainwright to go with him to Joliet, and expecting a friend to carry these lines to LUCIFER's office, I close this "Hail and Farewell Greeting" by repeating what need not be repeated to those who have been constant readers of LUCIFER, namely, that, next to the breaking of the chains that now prevent freedom of speech and of press, the object of LUCIFER's publication is to help woman to break the chains that for ages have bound her to the rack of man-made law, spiritual, economic, industrial, social and especially sexual, believing that until woman is roused to a sense of her responsibility on all lines of human endeavor, and especially on lines of her special field, that of reproduction of the race, there will be little if any real advancement towards a higher and truer civilization.

Thus far I wrote before leaving Cook county prison. I now add a line on train. My seventeen hours' stay at the jail were not unpleasant hours. I slept but little, but it was not because of discomfort but because I wanted to write as many letters to friends and as much copy for LUCIFER as possible.

Once more, as during my incarcerations in Kansas, I want to ask, as a special favor, that all my friends, far and near, will do me the kindness to write me words of cheer and hope—not so much

that I expect to be *despondent* if I do not get the words of cheer, but because I want to keep in close touch, close fraternal touch, with all who labor and wait for the coming of the reign of truth, of honesty and justice. You need not write long letters, and especially I prefer that you do not write in a vindictive or revengeful spirit in regard to my imprisonment or the men who have been instrumental in putting me in prison. I do not always agree with Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles, but I do enjoy reading the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians—I think it is—wherein he glorifies the spirit of love and forgiveness of injustice. "Love suffereth long and is kind; love endureth all things, hopeth all things," etc. Also when he says, "Count it all joy and gladness when men persecute you," etc.

Also I do not always agree with the Nazarene, but when he said, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do," he showed a commendable spirit.

And now goodby, goodby, dear friends all. I leave the work of LUCIFER in your hands, confidently believing you will not let the work lapse for want of energetic effort. I am not a William Tell, nor a Garrison, and yet I feel much as I think Tell felt—if the story be a true one—when he urged his friend not to let the common cause languish, whatever the result of that memorable day when he shot the apple from the head of his son; and I feel as I suppose Garrison did when he said:

"I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retract a single inch, and I will be heard."

Again goodby; the train whistles down brakes; the Joliet station is here. All good things be yours now and evermore.

M. HARMAN.

No time to revise copy.

★ ★ ★

[Two members of the family and another friend accompanied the deputy marshal and the "prisoner" to Joliet. On arrival the turnkey greeted the deputy with the question, "What can I do for you?" "I have brought a prisoner," was the reply. "Which is he?" was then asked. It seems that the editor of LUCIFER has not yet acquired the "criminal countenance" sufficiently to be distinguished as a criminal by this official. The prosecuting attorney was more discerning. In his address to the jury he characterized the defendant as a "degenerate." (A study of the portrait in this issue will enable the reader to recognize a degenerate when he meets one.) The attitude of the officials toward my father seemed courteous and considerate, and he is calm, cheerful and hopeful as always. His body is confined but his spirit is untouched.—LILLIAN HARMAN.]

ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY IN CHICAGO.

Two weeks ago the Chicago Society of Anthropology at Corinthian Hall, Masonic Temple, listened to an address by this widely known and deservedly popular lecturer. Mr. Crosby's theme was "Garrison, the Non-Resistant," and was largely a synopsis of his recently published book by that name—a brief review of which book was given in LUCIFER No. 1057.

Mr. Crosby, though claiming membership in a popular and very conservative Christian church, is no worshiper of the dead past, no hero-worshiper, and how such a bold image-breaker as he can retain membership in an orthodox Christian church is evidence to me that allegiance to old-time creeds is no longer required by modern religious hierarchies.

Without doubt Mr. Crosby finds it greatly to his advantage to have been the son of a leading orthodox clergyman of New York City, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby. The name alone gives him a welcome to many church organizations and platforms that would otherwise be closed against him. Evidence of this was seen in the fact that two evenings later he addressed the congregation of the Centenary (Methodist) Church, Monroe and Morgan streets, this city, on the "Church and Social Problems," in which lecture Mr. Crosby assailed our present systems of economics, land-ownership, etc., with a boldness and force of utterance that would have been called "revolutionary," "anarchistic" and "destructive to social order" only a few years ago, and even now would doubtless be so denounced if the speaker were not protected by an honored name and by affiliation with a highly respectable and conservative church—the Protestant Episcopal, if I mistake not.

In his Masonic Temple address Mr. Crosby, after giving due honor to William Lloyd Garrison as the most heroic leader in the movement against the enslavement of the African to and by his paler-faced brother, declared that the example and work of this great emancipator was and is chiefly valuable to us as pointing the way in

which other crystallized wrongs are to be combated and overthrown. In the discussion which followed the opening address this thought was elaborated by several members of the society whose honored guest the speaker was. One of these members, whose name is unimportant, said—in substance if not in exact words:

"Mr. Crosby spoke truly and eloquently of the cruel tortures inflicted upon Savonarola, the distinguished religious reformer of the fifteenth century, by the Italian hierarchy. Lack of time, perhaps, prevented our speaker from mentioning the name of another Italian reformer, named Giordano Bruno, who suffered seven years' imprisonment and was finally burned at the stake for his persistence in maintaining the right to teach doctrines antagonistic to those taught by the fathers of the Roman church. Brother Crosby is, of course, aware of the fact that the spirit that animated those old-time inquisitors is not yet extinct. He does not need to be told that women and men are fined and imprisoned to-day because of their persistence in claiming their equal right to teach doctrines at variance with those taught by the leaders of public opinion in church and state.

"As in times of the Roman and Spanish inquisitions, we have to-day an 'Index Expurgatorius' here in so-called free America. Books, papers and pictures are destroyed by wholesale without a semblance of public trial, and without compensation to the owner, by the postoffice officials and by the agents of a puritanic, semi-religious organization called the 'Society for the Prevention of Vice.'

"Mr. Crosby said that African slavery, as an institution, had been handed down to us from the ignorant and barbaric past, and said there were other forms of crystallized wrong that need the iconoclastic hand of the reformer quite as much as did the crystallized wrong to the abolition of which Garrison devoted the best years of his life. Our speaker mentioned a few of these, but not all. Among the crystallized wrongs omitted by him may be mentioned INSTITUTIONAL MARRIAGE.

"I am well aware that in calling marriage a crystallized wrong I am treading on dangerous ground, just as Garrison was treading on dangerous ground when he assailed American slavery of the African race. By the word marriage I must not be misunderstood as meaning the voluntary, equitable union of women and men, but what is known as canon law and statute law marriage—indissoluble marriage except by death, penitentiary crime or decree of the divorce court.

"In my opposition to these two crystallized forms of inherited wrong I do not claim originality. John Stuart Mill, the distinguished author of the essay 'On Liberty,' has said: 'The only servitude now authorized by law is marriage.'

"Elbert Hubbard, editor of the 'Philistine,' known to all my hearers, calls legal marriage 'A scheme for holding together the incompatible,' and George Bernard Shaw, the foremost writer of plays with a purpose, has said, 'The one refuge left in the world for unbridled license is marriage,' and also that 'Marriage is popular because it unites the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.'

M. HARMAN.

ANOTHER JUDICIAL MURDER.

Thursday of last week I wrote a letter to the governor of Illinois, of which the following is a copy:

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 22, 1906.

To Charles S. Deneen, Governor of the State of Illinois.

DEAR SIR: Unless you interfere to prevent it another of the fearfully long list of judicial murders that have disgraced the people of this city and state will be committed to-morrow.

As a citizen of Illinois, a citizen of the United States of America, a citizen of the world, I hereby enter my most solemn protest against the proposed judicial murder of Johann Hoch, and call upon you as the executive of Illinois to use the civic authority delegated to you by your fellow-citizens to prevent that cold-blooded infamy.

I will not give reasons in detail now; may do so later.

Very respectfully your fellow citizen. MOSES HARMAN.

This letter was signed by five persons, comprising the members of the family at 500 Fulton street.

On Saturday, next day after the life was choked out of the body of Johann Hoch, I received the following reply to our joint letter:

State of Illinois, Executive Department,
SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 23, 1906.

DEAR SIR: I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22nd inst., and have to say that the case of Johann Hoch was passed upon by the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice Cartwright reviewed the case at length. You will find the opinion on page 265, vol. 219, of the Illinois Supreme Court Reports.

The new matter presented by Hoch's attorneys was carefully

investigated by the board of pardons and by myself. There was nothing in it which justified disturbing the verdict rendered by the court.

I appreciate your courtesy in expressing your views. I believe any one who has a full knowledge of the facts would feel that the judgment of the jury should not be disturbed. Yours truly,

C. S. DENEEN.

Mr. Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

At the same time we wrote to Deneen I sent a letter, by special delivery post, to the sheriff of Cook county, couched in similar language to that sent to Governor Deneen; also a similar letter to John Whitman, warden of the Cook county jail, whom I had met at more than one public meeting in Chicago, and whose public talks on prison management I had been much interested in.

From neither of these did I get an answer, but on Monday evening, on my way to Joliet, and while a guest of Mr. Whitman, I had a brief conversation with him in regard to the hanging of Hoch. He had received my letter, and in reference thereto said, in substance, that, having taken the oath of office, he could not do otherwise than as he did—meaning, I suppose, that he could not refuse to prepare the gallows and adjust the cap and noose, and do the other work necessary to the execution.

"That is to say," I replied, "having taken the oath of office, you must either do or resign."

To which an affirmative answer was given.

Mr. Whitman appears to be a kind-hearted, generous-souled man, and while it is best, no doubt, that such a man should be the chief officer at the county prison, so long as prisons are necessary, it seems a great pity that in order to hold that position he must *abdicate his manhood* and become the obedient tool or slave of other men—of men who tell him he must kill his fellow men, whether he believes them guilty of murder or not.

It has frequently been stated in the papers that Jailer Whitman does not believe—did not believe—that Hoch was guilty of the crime for which he was hanged.

How, then, is it possible for him to settle with his own soul and clear himself of complicity in the crime of judicial murder?

Can his oath of office clear him at the bar of justice; the bar of judgment; of self-judgment, which, after all is said, is the most important of all tribunals, and the hardest to escape, or hide away from?

M. H.

We are printing a large edition of this number of LUCIFER, and will be glad to hear from those of our friends who can assist in distributing it. Please send in orders as early as possible. We would also like to hear from those who can take a regular number of extra copies to distribute at meetings or in any other way. Those who sympathize with the editor in his imprisonment can express that sympathy in no more effective way than in bringing his work to the attention of the liberty-loving people of the country and of the world.

SOME DEFINITIONS BY "FRA ELBURTUS."

Justice: A system of revenge where the state imitates the criminal.

Success: A subtle contrivance of Nature for bringing about a man's defeat.

Fortitude: That quality of mind that does not care what happens so long as it does not happen to us.

Law: A scheme for protecting the parasite and prolonging the life of the rogue, averting the natural consequences that would otherwise come to them.

Legal marriage: A scheme for holding together the incompatible.

Natural law: Merely a habit of the Unknowable.

"To suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his powers into the field of opinion and to restrain the profession or propagation of principles on supposition of their ill tendency, is a dangerous fallacy, which at once destroys all (religious) liberty: because he being, of course, judge of that tendency will make his (fallible) opinions the rule of judgment, and approve or condemn the sentiments of others, only as they shall square with or differ from his own. It is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order. And finally, that truth is great and will prevail, if left to herself. That she is the proper and sufficient antagonist to error, and has nothing to fear from the conflict unless by human interposition disarmed of her natural weapon, free argument and debate."—Act of Virginia establishing religious freedom.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

E. K., Pomeroy, Ohio.—Enclosed find \$1 for Wakeman's letter in pamphlet form. Glad to see the postal authorities are getting off their "high horse."

PAUL ROSTEL, Home, Wash.—Permit me to express my sympathy; but hard knocks should strengthen us. There never was a good cause which did not call for sacrifices of its advocates. Inclosed find renewal of subscription.

IRVING LLEWELLYN, Oyster Point, Va.—Kindly mail me several copies of Wakeman's Letter to the President, for which I enclose 60 cents. This letter is exceptionally forceful and capable of great good, rightly used. No. 1059 is good throughout. Am especially pleased to learn of the change in attitude of the postoffice department.

ALBINA L. WASHBURN, San Diego, Cal.—Those verses in No. 1058 by George E. Bowen, "A Catechism for Comstock," are splendid—just what is needed. Satire, criticism, ridicule will mow down rank after rank of the enemy, where reason, logic and entreaty never "phase" them! And why? They do not understand the latter, while sleet and gnat-bites count! "A little more grape, Cap'n Bragg!"

THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN, Cos Cob, Conn.—I think you had better leave my picture off [the leaflet reprint of the letter to Roosevelt]. It will detract attention from the real issue. *Do it if possible.* * * * I rejoice at the apparent dawn of something like law and common sense in the postoffice. Perhaps if you *suffer* enough and we all keep hammering day may break even there.

[The request about the picture reached us too late. The plan of having the cover of the leaflet adorned with the two pictures was not my suggestion, but that of friends and helpers here in Chicago.—M. H.]

C. H., Contoocook, N. H.—I enclose \$1 now for your use for any purpose you see fit. I could wish the day might not be fixed for your incarceration. The sex question has got to be discussed, "For nothing is secret that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid that shall not be known and come abroad." (Luke 8:17, et al.) If you can send me "Man and Superman," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "You Never Can Tell" and "Strike of a Sex" with "Zugassant's Discovery," with bill for the same, I wish you would, or if you will inform me of the cost, including postage, I will send it for them.

["Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "You Never Can Tell" are contained in the two-volume edition, "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," by George Bernard Shaw. The price is \$2.50, and that of "Man and Superman," by same author, \$1.25. All for sale at this office.]

Amicus, Mass.—It is not from lack of sympathy with LUCIFER, its objects and its editor, that I have failed to write before, but from lack of time, due to other duties and work. I am forced to write now, as my subscription to your brave little journal has run out and I want to renew it.

I have two lines of work that take up much of my time. The first is genealogy. I have often wished to write a short paper for LUCIFER on the meaning and importance of genealogy to those who believe in freer sexual relations. A genealogy should be not simply a list of consanguineous names classified and arranged as "hatched, matched and dispatched," but a real pedigree-book for human stock, in which to record and study the habits, diseases and other hereditary traits of our ancestors, with a view of improved selection and propagation of descendants.

My second line of work is zoölogy—my life study—and here again I have often hoped to find time to contribute an article to LUCIFER on the factors in heredity. I don't know as I shall ever get time for preparing such a paper, which ought to have popular as well as accurate scientific treatment, but I always hope for the maintenance of freedom of speech and press, so that the right to discuss

such subjects and the allied subject of "race-suicide" shall not be confined to the President of the United States.

Apropos of "race-suicide," I enclose a clipping from a Massachusetts newspaper. Don't get into trouble by printing it in LUCIFER, for, although cut from a weekly supporting the Republican party, it might be dangerous for LUCIFER to publish it.

I enclose \$5. Please put \$2 towards continuing my subscription to LUCIFER and the other \$3 on your defense fund. I hope and wish you success in your struggle with a censorship that, in many respects, especially in prudish directions, is more absurd and exacting than that of a monarchy like Germany. On this point I write not at random, having lived long enough in Germany to understand its people and their ideas.

T. F., New York.—Please count me in on your fight—at least to the extent of giving a few pennies now and then. I can help that way, which, perhaps, is reprehensible, for that is hardly activity, and we like to think of actual work as radicals rather than as money-givers. But radicals seem to get blasé, and though willing and anxious to do something find themselves begging off and feeding their souls by simply chipping in at times. The capitalistic system is pounding away so hard on us, day by day, that it is easy to be inactive and have time to do something else. The system is insidious, too, for one believes in doing something else; one is only preparing for better work in the radical field. Enthusiasm counts mightily, but enthusiasm cannot burn constantly in any one surrounded almost wholly by capitalistic or conservative ideas, people, institutions and events. The pounding and banging away at people by the system, with its sugar-coated ideas, peoples, institutions and events, breaks lots of would-be radicals down and seduces many who feel they are advancing in knowledge and not sliding behind. I must confess I've got to hear Eugene Debs talk once in a while; must go to some Socialist meeting now and then; must read Whitman and Shelley or see their works around the house; must have a picture of Bakunin, as well as of William Morris, Marat, Marx, Lassalle, Wagner to look at daily; must read LUCIFER, the "Truth Seeker," and pamphlets to keep up enthusiasm. It is easy to "die" in New York, for, Mr. Harman, the metropolis of the New World is pretty narrow for all its alleged bigness and greatness. The chase for the almighty dollar is keener and more vicious here than anywhere else, and any one at all radical knows perfectly well and to his financial detriment that if he fights for his ideal it will be costly. It is not development of character that counts for anything in New York; it is development in the ways of the world. Any one's advancement is almost bound to mean the latter and not the former. One's wealth is in inverse ratio to one's character.

There are many changes to be made before that ratio is changed. Meantime the system breeds and fosters vile and brutal and yet formidable institutions, one of the very worst of which is marriage. No epigram is ever true and yet it appears to be evident sometimes that the man who marries kills two persons. What the lover and sweetheart and the wife and husband call love dies, almost of a certainty, a few months after the ceremony is performed. Then worse than death—hypocrisy, lying, brothels, harems, bickerings and all the fearful evils attendant on the children in that "home." Children, perhaps the most precious things in our lives, so beautiful that they ought not to see a frown on the face of any one in the whole world, so good they ought never see anything but pretty things and great women and fine men, must live in "homes" like that.

But things will change, I'm sure, and the revolutionists will change them. The world "was built" for fun, and the best fun in the world is to fight the system and the institutions it engenders. Your fight is pretty lonely, apparently, but there's a whole lot of people with you. The system keeps them quiet or seduces them into uselessness. Men like you (pardon me) must keep at us or we'll "die." I wish I could see you some time and hope you will get around to New York and stop with me for a day or as long as you can. I wish you the greatest and best good luck in the world, and hope a smooth road is in front of you, even though it looks rocky just now. Write me once in a while and I'll respond with ammunition for the battles you're fighting; for you need ammunition, and the very least such as I can do, lazy as we are, is to supply some of that.

ANNIE LILLIAN SWETT, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—I presume there are times when you wonder if it is worth while to fight against the ignorance and prejudice in the world. I think that it is. Let me tell you something: The recent attack on you by the postoffice officials is advertising and helping your cause more than anything

else could. There are many who never heard of your paper until they read the account of your trial and conviction. The most of them will keep posted in regard to you from this on. I am doing everything I can to spread a knowledge of your persecution. I tell every one about it, those who believe in marriage reform and those who do not; and I give them copies of LUCIFER. Among the list of names that I sent you to send sample copies to was one woman who is very well satisfied with things as they are in this world at the present time. A while after I sent her name in I saw her. She said to me:

"I have been receiving a lot of stuff from a man in Chicago named Moses Harman. Have you heard of him?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I've heard of him." Then I added that some of the papers you published had been suppressed and that you had been sentenced to a year in the penitentiary.

"Well," she said, "I think his writings ought to be suppressed."

Then I told her what I thought about it. She went away with a little light on the other side of the question.

I presume that all the friends of free speech who have heard of your trouble are doing very much the same thing. It will all help. All the talk about your persecution, all the interest that it has aroused, and all the discussion that it will give rise to will act as a leaven in the mass of humanity. It will keep working and after a while there will be results from it.

The people of the United States could end all this trouble; they could keep you out of the penitentiary if they would. It does not do a particle of good—at least I do not think it does—to write to President Roosevelt complaining of the actions of the officials in the postoffice department. I do not suppose that he has seen one of the letters that have been sent him. If the people would flood him with signed circulars and write to their representatives and senators and demand of congress the repeal of all laws which make it impossible to discuss the question of sex in papers and magazines I think it would only be a short time before all such laws would be repealed. If that did not bring the repeal of the laws the women of the country could put in their oar.

Of course if the subject of sex is too indecent to be discussed in a clean, straightforward manner by periodicals then women who consider themselves "ladies" will have to stop getting married. There is nothing else for them to do. If the women of the land would say, "We will not marry until all the laws which prohibit and restrict the discussion of questions of sex are repealed" it wouldn't be long, to express it in the common vernacular, before there would be something doing. I do not expect though that the women will do anything of the kind, for the majority of them need just about as much enlightening on this subject as Comstock and Hull do.

But keep on with your work. Do not get discouraged. Surely there will be a way for you out of your trouble. Every person who thinks for himself in this world has to stand what you are standing, for the one thing that mankind generally cannot forgive is unconventionality of thought or speech. You are one of the few men in the world at the present time who are helping on a good cause. Your troubles may be hard to bear, but you have the consolation of knowing that you are putting courage into the hearts of many people. You probably will not live to see all the good results of your teachings, but future generations will reap in happiness what you are now sowing in sorrow.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

OTTO WETTSTEIN,

THE LIBERAL MAIL-ORDER JEWELER.

Now permanent at No. 110 N. Kensington av., La Grange, Cook Co., Ill. Can save you 10 to 30 per cent on Watches, Diamonds or anything in the Jeweler's Line. Write me and receive prices and my great little tract, "Theism in the Crucible," free.

J. H. GREER, M. D.

55 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

Office Hours—8 a. m. to 6 p. m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 9 a. m. to 12 m. Telephone Randolph 41.

DR. OGILVIE A. RICE,
DENTIST.

1554 MILWAUKEE AVE., COR. WESTERN, CHICAGO.
Telephone West 141.

PHILIP G. PEABODY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
15 COURT SQUARE, ROOM 61,
BOSTON, MASS.

If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer, your subscription expires with this number.

If a copy of Lucifer fails to reach you, please order by number or date.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Garrison the Non-Resistant.

BY ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

This is a sympathetic sketch of Garrison's career which considers slavery and the Civil War from an entirely original point of view. In the opinion of the author President Lincoln made a radical mistake in undertaking to coerce the seceding states, and the enthusiasm for the "Union" of sections which hated each other he regards as immoral in itself and the source of prolific subsequent evils, including the growth of the sentiments of imperialism and militarism, together with the foundation of the trusts and the aggravation of the labor problem. That the war failed to settle the race question is obvious. If the "erring sisters" had been allowed to go, slavery would, he thinks, have died a natural death, and the states would have reunited, the race question having been peacefully and genuinely solved.

Even those who fail to accept this view of history will find it interesting and full of suggestion, and the account of Garrison's life and the record of the personal observations of the author in the South of today are both vivid and entertaining. 16mo, 144 pages, with photogravure portrait of Garrison. Price, 50 cents (postage 5 cents).

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

Administrative Process of the Postal Department.

A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT, BY THADDEUS BURR WAKEMAN.

This is a most effective "missionary document" relative to the attempted suppression of free speech by the postal censorship. It contains half-tone portraits of the author and of Moses Harman. We want this letter distributed as widely and as effectively as possible, and as some who might be able to distribute it may not be able to buy we have felt reluctant to set a price on it. Let such not hesitate to order any quantity desired, even though unable to send money. For those who can afford to help bear the expense of publication, the price is 5 cents a copy, or 25 cents a dozen.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant.

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Published in two volumes. Contents Vol. I: Widowers' Houses; The Philanderer; Mrs. Warren's Profession. Contents Vol. II: You Never Can Tell; Arms and the Man; Candida; The Man of Destiny.

Mr. Shaw is the foremost dramatist who writes the English language. No other English playwright can properly be classed with Ibsen, Sudermann, Maeterlinck and Hauptmann. He has won supremacy by sheer force of originality and genius, in spite of the unanimous opposition of critics who condemned any departure from old dramatic canons. Shaw's dramas are great because of their significance. Price, \$2.50.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

Free America.

BY BOLTON HALL.

Dedicated "To Those Who Are Poor and Wish to Become Rich, or Who Are Rich and Wish to Become Richer."

The book shows, in an interesting and amusing way, the evils from which we suffer as individuals and as a society, the causes of them and their cure—which is liberty. The illustrations are by Dan Beard. Two hundred and fifteen pages, 18mo. Price, postpaid: paper, 20 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

Man and Superman.

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"Man and Superman" is perhaps the wittiest and most satirical of Mr. Shaw's dramas. It is astonishingly audacious, attacking fearlessly many of the absurd ideas in regard to love, marriage, government and social regulations which still enslave supposed civilized people. Price, cloth, \$1.25.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

The Old God and the New Humanity.

BY WINWOOD READE.

This is a handsome booklet, containing matter taken from "The Martyrdom of Man," Reade's masterpiece. It will be found wonderfully effective as an eye-opener on the question of religion, and will make the reader, like Oliver Twist, call for "more." Price, 10 cents.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

Life and Love and Death.

BY BOLTON HALL.

A part of the larger book "Even As You and I." 12mo, paper, 118 pages, 10 cents; by mail, 15 cents.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

Woman's Source of Power.

LOVE ATTRACTION, THE FEMININE PRINCIPLE, is the builder of all living forms. LOVE IS THE CREATOR.

In the inception of human life the first step is destructive of a previous condition, but when the work is given into woman's keeping the action is reversed, becomes constructive; from then on till growth ceases the feminine is the predominating power. Here is where the principle which can continue youth should begin its work.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

Proudhon and His "Bank of the People."

BY CHARLES A. DANA.

This is a defense of the great French anarchist, showing the evils of a specie currency, and that interest on capital can and ought to be abolished by a system of Free and Mutual Banking. A series of newspaper articles written by the after-time editor of *The New York Sun*, he having been a Brook Farm experimenter in early life. Price, 10 cents.

MOSES HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

Marriage in Free Society.

BY EDWARD CARPENTER.

One of the best short works on the subject. A charming little gift book. "Love is doubtless the last and most difficult lesson that humanity has to learn; in a sense it underlies all the others. Perhaps the time has come for the modern nations when, ceasing to be children, they may even try to learn it."

DAINTILY PRINTED, PREPAID, 25c.

MOSES HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

AN ESSAY ON THE DUTY OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE. By Henry D. Thoreau. A reprint of this classic essay on the supremacy of the individual over society. Antique paper; artistic covers, dark green on olive, 16c.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.